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The Summer Normal.

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In the summer of 1888, when I was nineteen, came an important turning point in my career. The local paper carried an announcement to the effect that a summer normal school would be



held in Paris for one week at which teachers and teacher candidates could review a course of study prescribed by the County School Commissioner, and those who successfully passed the examination at the close of the course would be granted certificates which would entitle them to teach in the county schools; and if their papers obtained exceptionally high ratings they would be sent to the State capital, and if found satisfactory State certificates would be issued. The fee for this course was five dollars, payable in advance. Mother's certificate had expired and she announced that she would attend the summer normal.

When the thought occurred to me that I might like to go I dismissed it as something impossible or wholly beyond my reach or capacity, because I had attended school less than three months in the previous ten years. However, the thought kept recurring in a tantalizing way and haunted my waking hours so that I read and reread the announcement many times. At last, a week before the summer normal was to open, ^{I,} the sunburned, barefooted youth, dressed only in a hickory shirt, jeans trousers, and a battered straw hat, hot and perspiring in the sorghum patch, tormented with the thought of the bare possibility of taking the normal course and winning a teacher's certificate, ~~that was I,~~ suddenly reached a decision. This too, in spite of the fact that my time and labor belonged to my father until I was 21; I made up my mind to ask him to let me go to the summer normal the following week. Father and mother had been to town but were back for the noonday meal and mother had her ticket of admission to the school. I was so full of my great desire and so overcome with uncertainty that I sat tongue-tied and ^{con}strained at the table until mother asked if I was unwell. The meal ended and I knew that if

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I did not speak up father would leave the table and I would not have an opportunity to mention the subject until evening. Then it was I gulped out awkwardly enough what was on my mind. Both parents looked at me intently, mother with an encouraging smile, father with surprise and a touch of consternation, but both were sympathetic. Father said quietly, "But, Lee, I haven't got five dollars; we spent our last cent this morning." I had suspected this and had an answer ready: "I know, father, but Dr. Barton has always taken an interest in me and I believe he will lend you the money if you ask him; you tell him I will pay it back with the first money I earn at cotton picking this fall." Naturally father did not like the idea of asking for ~~money~~ a loan, but mother urged him and at last he consented to try and said he would go to town the following day. No one can appreciate my feeling of anxiety, uncertainty and suspense, and at times lack of faith in myself and the world all the next forenoon as I worked alone stripping fodder in the sorghum patch, knowing that the fate of my hopes depended upon the result of father's visit to Dr. Barton. How eagerly I scanned his face as he drove slowly into the yard at noon, but I read instantly from the expression of his eyes and the wrinkles about his mouth that he had good news. The doctor had advanced the five dollars very willingly and had refused to accept a promissory note from father, saying that he knew that I would pay it back and he wished me good luck. All the rest of that day and week I was in an exalted state of mind and seemed to float on air; but at times my heart sunk and I seemed to collapse like a punctured balloon when I considered how little preparation and schooling I had had.

How awkward, uncouth, timid and diffident I was, and how utterly preposterous it seemed that I should be entering a reviewing course ~~for~~ in competition with teachers. However, the decision having been made, there was no thought of turning back. ~~In spite of my apprehension.~~ Father borrowed a small buggy in which mother and I were to drive to town and back each day, taking our luncheon with us. She furbished up my one suit of clothes, white shirt, stockings, collar and tie, and I polished my one pair of shoes, and was ready for my entrance into town society.

Monday morning came at last and we were the first to arrive at the schoolhouse in Paris. I tied the horse under a shade tree and we entered. It was a plain, two-story brick building, with eight spacious rooms. To me it seemed like a magnificent palace or temple. It had been many years since I had stepped inside such an imposing structure. Inside the rooms were equipped with elegant and luxurious school sets of iron and polished oak and on the walls were awesome looking blackboards. On one side was a low platform with a desk and a chair for the teacher. The secretary of the faculty came in soon after we did, and because she was a pretty, self-possessed young lady with wonderful eyes and an angelic smile, I was overcome with diffidence and confusion and had difficulty in explaining that I wanted to attend the summer normal and here was my five dollars to prove it. She took the money in a most matter of fact way as if she were accustomed to handling large sums, and gave me a receipt. I asked her where we might sit and she said we could select our own seats. So mother and I took possession of two seats side by side and watched the other members of the great summer normal assemble.

There were perhaps forty or fifty in all, most of them middle-aged teachers of long experience, a few young ones, and nearly all of them graduates of colleges in different States. Prof. Richardson, the County Superintendent of Schools, was in general charge. He was from Tennessee, tall, large, bald-headed, middle-aged, with a heavy black beard and kindly gray eyes. He was assisted by Prof. Cooper, a small dapper man in charge of a large country school; and a professor from the city high school with a broken leg whose name I have forgotten. Prof. Richardson and his two assistants took turns lecturing on the subjects of the course, and during the week there were lectures by a doctor, a dentist, a lawyer, and a preacher. The course included English, grammar, composition, arithmetic, algebra, geometry, physics, geography, history of the United States, history of Texas, civil government, physiology, psychology, and pedagogy. I was the youngest member, felt exceedingly awkward and out of place, diffident and tongue-tied; but at the same time I was all ears and eyes and not a word or movement escaped my attention. Also it seemed an undreamed luxury to wear clean clothes, ^{to} sit indoors for hours and hours in a comfortable seat without physical ~~exercise~~ exertion, and simply watch and listen to teachers.

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The first disillusion/~~to~~ my belief and unquestioning faith in the infallibility and finality of statements in textbooks was shattered by the arguments of teachers. I had studied an elementary treatise on grammar by an author named Smith. It was the only grammar I had ever seen or heard of and I accepted all statements in it as final and conclus^cive. Judge of my astonishment when early in the proceedings the teachers got into an argument concerning the sub^{unc}jective mood and the genitⁱve case.

and many other grammars with which they were familiar were cited as authorities for different and opposing views. This shock alone was worth a great deal to me because it led me to question the accuracy of all printed and oral statements, and as to whether they might not be erroneous and simply the expression of one man's opinion.

I broke into the limelight near the close of the session. The lame professor was reviewing some of the principles of algebra and wrote on the blackboard a problem illustrating the binomial theorem. In the process he inadvertently wrote the wrong sign before one of the terms of the equation and, of course, the answer he got did not correspond with that given in the textbook, whereat he was greatly puzzled, as were the other teachers who had failed to note the error. I had seen the wrong sign written, realized that it was wrong, and knew exactly why the result was incorrect. After waiting for some one else to say something I, with a great effort of will power, raised my hand to attract attention. The professor looked at me with surprise as I blurted out "I think, professor, if you will change the sign before the fourth term you will get the answer in the book." He seemed somewhat irritated and remarked a little sharply, "So Mr. Estabrook thinks that if this sign is changed it will give the answer in the book." The tone in which he said it made me forget my diffidence for the moment and I answered promptly and rather positively, "Yes, certainly, change the sign and it will give you the correct answer; the one you got is wrong." He did as I suggested, making the other changes necessary, and got the correct answer. Then he said, "Mr. Estabrook is right; I did not know we had a mathematician among us." This directed attention

to me and I felt embarrassed and uncomfortable, but the effort, and the demonstration that I was right in spite of the preliminary disdainful attitude of the professor, brought me a great accession of courage and self-confidence.

One of the features of the summer normal was a question box. Each one taking the course was invited to write questions, without signature, and drop them into the box. These were ~~read~~ taken out and read by one of the professors the next morning and he or some one else would answer them. Prof. Cooper had given a series of lectures on the heroic ~~historic~~ characters of Texas *history* in the nature of an extravagant panegyric of her pioneers, soldiers, statesmen, patriots, poets, writers, artists, and so on, always referring to them as bright jewels in the diadem of the South, with odious comparisons with and disparaging allusions to the men of the North who had achieved distinction in the same fields of endeavor. This overdose of panegyric of the surpassing genius and achievements of Texas heroes and celebrities and the invidious comparisons made with northern men finally became odious to me. I therefore threw a bombshell into the question box in the form of a series of questions, somewhat as follows: "What writer born in the State of Texas is known outside of the State, and in what particular~~x~~ is he superior to writers of other States who have achieved a national or international reputation?", and the same for artists, inventors, statesmen, orators, military and ^{al}navy officers, pioneers, and the like. The crux of these questions was in the phrase "born in Texas," because most of the men of which Texas was justly proud at that time were born in other States. When this series of questions was read aloud

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the next morning there was a profound silence. To the list I had added, "Will Professor Cooper please answer," he of the panygistics. He arose, rather pale and looking unhappy, and said that Texas was a young State and that most of her distinguished citizens were necessarily born in other States, but they had cast their fortunes with Texas and were popularly regarded as citizens of Texas. Thereafter his talks on Texas history were confined almost wholly to principal events and the panygistics were eliminated.

My next great disillusion came in the written examinations that followed the course of review lectures. The questions were written on the blackboard and the candidates wrote the answers, after being cautioned not to consult notes, textbooks, or each other. I found the questions simple and easy to answer because they had all been covered by the review course, so that my answers were written without hesitation. I was very indignant, however, to note that many of the candidates were consulting textbooks and memoranda partially concealed in their desks or laps. I said to myself, "and these people all went to school and college and most of them have been teaching school right along and yet they cannot answer these simple questions without copying from a book." As they sank in my estimation, my own estimate of my powers rose correspondingly, and that feeling was of great value to me in overcoming the paralysis of shyness and stage fright due to lack of schooling and social intercourse, hard manual labor, ill fitting clothes, and diffidence.

About two weeks later the results of the examination were published in the local newspaper and I was overjoyed to find

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that my name headed the list of those who had been granted first class certificates for teaching in the county, and that I was one of five whose papers were deemed good enough to be forwarded to the State capital. About a month later I received another thrill ~~a month later~~ on seeing a notice in the paper that I and one other, Prof. De Witt, had received the highest ratings from Lamar County in the State examination, and later I received a certificate entitling me to teach anywhere in the State.

Applying for a School.

7 After the summer normal was over I resumed my daily work on the farm, but it was with renewed hope and ambition and a new set of daydreams. ~~xxxx~~ Also I continued to study and read as industriously as ever after the day's work was done. I asked and readily obtained father's consent to let me teach school during the winter months if I could obtain one, I agreeing to pay the hire of a hand to take my place on the farm if necessary.

With the expectation of becoming a school teacher I invested most of my cotton picking earnings that fall in a new suit of store clothes and a heavy silver Waltham watch, for which last I paid the enormous sum of fifteen dollars, and five dollars additional for a silver chain to match. This watch was a great joy to me and I never tired watching the hands move or listening to its regular ticking. For many months I enjoyed pulling it out to look at its shining case, and for years placed it under my pillow at night and went to sleep listening to the musical clink of its escapement. I imagined I could see two little gnomes with bright shining eyes striking alternately and tirelessly upon a diminutive anvil. I was proud of the watch because it kept accurate time and because of its imposing size, and I kept it well

polished. I carried this watch for many years until it developed irregular habits and ceased to be dependable. I still have it as a souvenir of those early days.

By the time the cotton picking season was over and I was free to look about for a school, a teacher had already been engaged for the local school. ^A none other than my mother. I heard that the schoolboard of the Reno District, about three miles from our place, had not yet contracted for a teacher. The following Monday, dressed in my best and with the wonderful new watch in my vest pocket, I mounted Duke and rode through the woods to the house of Mr. Henshaw, chairman of the school board. It was a substantial frame house and very imposing to me because it was painted white and had a veranda. I found Mr. Henshaw to be a tall, lank, middle-aged man with iron gray hair and keen but kindly blue eyes. My heart thumped loudly as I walked up the path to the ~~front door~~ veranda, knocked, and a middle aged woman opened the door. She seated me in the combination parlor and bedroom and said she would call her husband in from the barn. He soon entered and I explained who I was and what I wanted. He said he had heard of me but that the board had partially promised the Reno school to his niece. When I heard this my diffidence suddenly vanished and I proceeded to argue the case with him. This niece lived with her mother on a small place not far from ours and although I had never spoken to her I knew her by sight, knew that she was about my own age, and that she had only a second grade teacher's certificate while I had a first grade certificate for both the county and the State. Also I discovered that I had very definite opinions about women's sphere and did not regard

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any woman as my intellectual equal--(not having met many women up to that time). I therefore sailed in. I said that what all country schools needed in general and the Reno school in particular was a man teacher, a man who could command the respect of boys, a man who could interest boys and could set them a manly example, a man who could maintain discipline which, of course, no woman could do. As I said "man," I drew myself up very straight threw my head back, swelled out my chest, and looked the chairman of the school board straight in the eye. "Why," I said, "we all know that's what's the trouble with our schools and with our whole educational system--women teachers, who know nothing about boys because they were never boys themselves, and the worst thing that can happen to a boy is to be taught by a woman just when he is turning into a man. These boys will be the men of the future and they should be taught by men so that they will be manly men and not womanly men. All these women teachers ought to get married, have a husband to earn a living for them, and babies and ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ homes of their own. That's their business in life, having babies and making homes. No, sir, what the Reno school needs is a man teacher, and I want to be that man." Remember, I was a slender youth of nineteen when I thus expounded to the elderly gentleman before me.

He looked at me quizzically and said, "Hum, and so you think you can make the boys behave?" "Yes, I do," I replied, "I don't care how big they are or how old they are, I can chop more wood, plow more ground, hoe and pick more cotton, in a day than any of them; I know more than any of them about farming and about books; I have met no young man who can run faster, jump farther,

or dodge quick^{er}. Nor have I met any one who can throw me in wrestling, and I believe I can lick any one, two, or more boys not older or bigger than I am, so I am not afraid. But, really, I feel that I can get them^{so}/interested in their studies that there will never be any necessity for punishing them."

Mr. Henshaw still looked at me in a kindly, quizical sort of way. Then I said I had nothing against his niece, she was a nice young lady, but she was born a girl and could not help it; she had only a second grade teacher's certificate, while mine was a first grade one; as a young woman she simply wanted to earn a little pin money and she would probably marry the first young man who asked her, which was the best thing she could do, and that would end her temporary career as teacher. On the other hand I had to make my own way in life, I had to earn money with which to buy a farm of my own, marry, raise a family and become a taxpayer and voter. "You see, Mr. Henshaw, I am a man, I can keep discipline in the school, and I have a first grade certificate. Your niece is not a man and never can be, she could not keep discipline in a school no matter how hard she tried, and she tried and failed to get a first class certificate. Surely, in all fairness, the Reno school should go to me."

Then assuming that there could be no doubt as to the success of my application, I asked where the teacher usually boarded. He said "With the Parrs." "But," I said, "The Parrs are English and have no children of school age. I do not like the English and if you could board me I would rather walk farther and stay with you." He said, "Well, the board has promised the school to my niece and I do not know how the other members will feel about it., "But," I expostulated, "You are the chairman and the

recognized leader in this community. Can I go to the other members and say to them that if they will agree to sign a contract with me you will sign it also?" He said he would.

I was much elated as I rode through the woods to the log cabin in a little clearing where lived the second member of the school board. I rode up to the rail fence in front of the cabin and was greeted by the barking of several dogs. A small, tired looking woman was doing the family washing in the front yard, with a big black kettle on a bed of coals and a tub on a crude bench. Half a dozen tow-headed children were looking at me shyly and with evident curiosity. The woman straightened up, wiped her hands on her ~~apron~~ apron, picked up a ~~pipex~~ baby, opened her dress and gave it nourishment, while she asked a little sharply who I was and what I wanted. I explained and she said her husband had gone to town. Then I repeated to her the arguments I had used with apparent success and asked her if she would not speak to her husband about it and I would return the following day. She said she would. Then I asked about their place, how many acres they had, how their crops had been this season, how many children they had, how old they were, and their names. I marvelled that she could raise so many fine, healthy, intelligent looking children, do all the housekeeping, the cooking, washing, looking after so large a family, and also help with the livestock and crops. I left her feeling that I had made a firm friend and advocate.

The third member of the school board I found to be a taciturn, noncommittal individual with no more animation than a fence post, but I repeated my arguments and he grudgingly admitted that if the others were willing he was too.

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The next day I called on board member number two and found that no argument was necessary, his wife having settled the question for him as he told me with a grin. I rode on to Mr. Henshaw's, told him the result of my interviews with the other two members, and he readily agreed to sign the contract. I then rode to town, about four miles distant, visited the office of the County Superintendent, obtained the necessary blank forms, filled them out, returned to Mr. Henshaw, got his signature, and then the signatures of the other two members, left one copy with Mr. Henshaw, rode back to town and filed a copy with the County Clerk, and rode home with my copy of the contract in my pocket, much elated at my success. The contract provided that the school should be kept five days each week from ^{November} ~~October~~ 1st to February 28th, from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., that I should receive \$35 per month, with fifty cents extra per month for each pupil under six and one dollar per month for each pupil over sixteen, and that wood and water for the school should be furnished by the patrons. I had an oral agreement with Mr. Henshaw that he would board me five days a week for two dollars. As I expected the fees from "the unders and overs" to pay the board bill, I had the gratifying prospect of making \$140.00 in ^{five} ~~four~~ months. That seemed like a magnificent prospect to me because it was more money than I ^{had} ~~have~~ ever seen and more than our entire family had cleared any year since we had been farming.

After getting the school contract I was much pleased at first with the thought of teaching school for four months, of wearing clean clothes, working short hours, having no chores to do, and leisure for studying and reading. As the time for the school to open approached, however, my heart often sank as I

thought of the ordeal of living with a strange family and the responsibility of teaching a mixed lot of school children, some of them beginners and some older and larger than I, and sometimes I wished I had not been so ambitious but had been contented to remain at farm work. However, in spite of my feeling of dread I realized that I had entered into a formal contract and ~~that~~ that fact was generally known throughout the neighborhood, ~~and~~ I was in honor bound to carry out my part of the contract, and unless I made the attempt it would always be a matter of regret.

7 Teaching the Reno School.
At last the fatal day came, the Sunday before the Monday when the school was to open. I packed a cheap suitcase with a change of socks, a supply of handkerchiefs, extra collars and cuffs, a set of text books, and two or three books to read. Late in the afternoon father drove me over to Mr. Henshaw's and we separated at the front gate, he to return and I to enter. Again my heart thumped as I approached the front door and knocked. Mr. Henshaw let me in. I was much embarrassed because in the room was his grownup daughter, Rose, a pretty young ^woman about ~~14~~ 17 years old with a rose-leaf complexion, bright eyes, fluffy hair, and wearing a fluffy dress. I was tongue-tied in her presence and she in mine. I sat my satchel at the foot of the bed and my hat, overcoat, and umbrella on the bed, and turned to meet her. Mr. Henshaw introduced us and each responded stiffly "Pleased tuh meet yuh." Then the three of us sat around the small stove in which was a fire because the air was chilly. Mr. Henshaw and I exchanged remarks about the weather and speculated as to whether or not it would rain. I talked about the crops, the condition of the roads, and managed to keep some conversation going. Then, to my horror, he ~~left~~ went out and left the fair

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~~young lady~~ ^{maiden} and ^{me} I alone. It was the first time I had ever been caught in that predicament. So far she had not uttered a word. I asked if she had been to town recently. She murmured "Yes." Long and embarrassing pause. I inquired if she had been to the circus in the fall. "No," and another long pause. I asked if they had parties in this neighborhood. "Sometimes," and another pause. Did she like music? "A little," with long pause. Did she like to read? "Sometimes," and again a long pause while I tried to think up something else to ask her. The situation was relieved by the reappearance of Mr. Henshaw. Shortly afterwards Mrs. Henshaw appeared at the door to announce supper. We went into the adjoining room and the whole family sat around a long table. In addition to Mr. and Mrs. Henshaw and ~~the~~ Miss Rose, there were two pretty little girls of about ten, one their own child and the other adopted. Both were attractive and regarded me with great curiosity. At a signal all bowed their heads while Mr. Henshaw said grace. I had no trouble keeping up a conversation with the parents, and even the little girls would talk in spite of their shyness, but Miss Rose remained tongue-tied and kept her eyes on her plate.

After supper Mr. Henshaw sat with me for awhile in the bedroom parlor which I was to occupy. I learned that the house had four rooms and a kitchen, the parlor, the dining room back of it, a front bed room occupied by the parents, and a smaller bedroom adjoining in which Miss Rose and the two girls slept, and back of that the kitchen. Mr. Henshaw said he was from Tennessee, that his father was a millwright, and that the family came to Texas before the civil war. After he bid me good night

I got out my books, read awhile, and retired early so that I would be fresh in the morning. I dropped off to sleep listening to the "tink--tank" of the two little gnomes beating the anvil in my precious silver watch under the pillow.

The next morning I had breakfast with Mr. Henshaw and the two little girls. Miss Rose was not visible; in fact, although living in the same house, I never caught a glimpse of her except on Sunday evenings. Shortly after eight o'clock the two little girls and I started off together, each carrying a dinner pail, and I some things for the school, such as a box of chalk, a small bell, a writing pad, a lead pencil, pen and ink. We had to walk about a mile to the Reno school. This first trip was over a dirt road that had been cut up into ruts and ridges when wet and soft and had dried hard so that it was rough walking. Thereafter we walked on the railroad track which ran within a few hundred yards of both buildings. We arrived at the schoolhouse shortly before 9 a.m. We found half a dozen or more country children ahead of us and others soon came straggling in.

I was under somewhat of a strain and hardly knew how to begin. However, I took courage from the fact that I was older than any of the pupils, knew more, was the official teacher, and they seemed timid and frightened. Besides, facing these little people, failure on my part was inconceivable. The ~~new~~ school house was a one-room pine structure about 20 by 30 feet square, with four windows and one door, a cast iron box stove in the center, a small pine table and splint bottomed chair for the teacher, some old school ~~sets~~^{seats} and desks just wide enough to ~~seat~~^{for} two pupils at each, a small blackboard on the wall back of the teacher's table, and a barrel of water and tin dipper in the corner.

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Promptly at nine o'clock I rang the bell and instructed the children to take seats, girls ~~on~~ one side and boys on the other, the older pupils in the rear and the younger in front. When they had shuffled and scuffled into seats I stood up and looking them over slowly said: "I am Lee Estabrook, your teacher, from Reed's Prairie. I grew up on a farm just like you all did. You all know me now, but I do not know you or your names. I hope we will like each other and that you will help me to make this the finest school for its size in Lamar County. We can do it if you will help. I am here to help you and I want you to help me. The first thing I want to do is to learn your names and you must help me. All those who can write, please hold up your hands." All but five or six held up their hands. Then I shifted the pupils so that those who could not write were together. I asked those who could to write their names and ages on slips of paper I distributed. While they were doing this I ~~entered~~ wrote the names and ages of those who could not write. Next I asked those who had written their names to bring their slips one at a time to me, stand a moment while I read the name and looked at his or her face, and return ~~w~~ quietly to their seats. I then asked all those who had readers to study the first lesson in their books while I entered their names on my record. Before starting my own record work I stepped to the blackboard and drew the outline of a square, a triangle, and a circle, and asked all those who could neither read or write to try to draw these outlines on their slates. In this way I soon had all the pupils doing something. Then I called before me all those who could read and ^a~~had~~ readers. Next I grouped those who had first, second, and third readers, took an inventory of the different textbooks on reading they

had brought with them. Most of the readers were McGuffey's, and a number of the children who could read a little had only a Webster's blue back speller. I spent most of the day in this way, making an inventory of the textbooks, testing the children, and grouping them in classes roughly by age and attainments. The beginners I set to copying on their slates the letters and figures I wrote on the blackboard and drilled them as ~~in~~ a sort of game in ~~name~~ recognizing and naming the letters and figures.

When I opened my dinner pail I found four thick slices of home made white bread, two hard boiled eggs, two pieces of fried chicken, a baked potato, a piece of cake, a small glass of jelly, and a bottle of milk. It was good and I ate it all. It was a great relief when closing time came at 4 p.m. Before dismissing the pupils I said to them that I was greatly pleased with my first day in the Reno school and with them and thought we had made a fine beginning; that it was a wonderful thing to be able to go to school where we could learn things and make friends that we would remember all our lives; and that by working together we would show everybody that the Reno school was one of the best in the county. *P* On the way to the house I felt tired from the strain but much elated that the ordeal of the first day was over and that a good start had been made. After supper Mr. Henshaw spent half an hour or more in my room and the rest of the evening I had to myself for study and reading. I began the practice then of reading over carefully the lessons I would have to give the following day and getting them so clearly in mind that I would not have to refer to the textbooks in the presence of the pupils. By the end of the week I had the classes all arranged and everything running smoothly.

After the school was over on Friday I returned to my room, bid good by~~e~~ to Mrs. Henshaw, and with my umbrella and a book under my arm walked three miles through the woods to my home, arriving after dark. My parents were greatly pleased to see me and interested in my account of my first week as a school teacher. Father said that during the week he had met Bill Smith, one of the patrons of my school, who had expressed himself as much pleased with the way the school had started off.

I greatly enjoyed being at home after a strenuous week among strangers and amid strange surroundings. Sunday afternoon came all too quickly when I had to return to the Henshaw's. I started in ample time and as I neared my destination and thought of my embarrassment the previous Sunday I stopped and sat on a log so as to postpone my arrival until just before supper time. This Sunday evening was a repetition of my first with the Henshaws, as were all that followed--admittance by Mr. Henshaw, "Good even' in^d all round, desultory remarks about the weather and prospects, withdrawal of Mr. Henshaw, and desperate efforts on my part to ^amake conversation with his noncommittal daughter who remained alone with me in my room, who always sat like a frozen image on the edge of a chair, never volunteering a single remark to help me out or showing the slightest animation or friendliness, and relief coming only with the announcement of supper. As time went on these Sunday evenings became more and more of an ordeal, because there was never any variation in the program. Always before the door opened for me to enter I knew beforehand that father and daughter would be inside, that he would remain only a few minutes and then withdraw, leaving me with the frozen

image on my hands. I never caught a glimpse of the daughter during the week. It was only some months after the school term was over that I learned indirectly the cause of this strange behavior. Mother learned through the gossip of a neighbor that the daughter had become engaged to the hired man on an adjoining farm, that the parents heartily disapproved of the match, and that Mr. Henshaw, chairman of the school board, had ~~annulled~~ withdrawn his promise to give the contract to his niece in my favor in the hope that my presence in the house might break up the engagement, and it was part of his plan to bring us together every Sunday afternoon and evening, which the daughter resented.

H As ^{for} to the other members of the family, we soon became great friends. For Mr. Henshaw I formed a great liking. He was shrewd and wise, a reader, and somewhat speculative. He had a small collection of old books, all of which I read, and I found that he had read and thought about them a great deal. One of them was a translation of Say's "Political Economy," and this gave us material for argument. One evening we had a long argument about changes and improvements of modern times, such as schools, roads, railways, newspapers, increased population, the settlement of the wilderness, better postal and marketing facilities, and so on. As a youth these things appealed to me as a great advance and improvement over the old order of things. As a middle-aged man who had lived through many of these changes he looked back through the dim vista of memory to the golden days of his youth and thought the early conditions much better. He spoke regretfully of the situation in northeast Texas as he found it as a young man, unsettled, open, free country, a country of beautiful prairies and belts of timber that belonged to no one, an abundance of game, very

including deer, buffalo, and turkeys, very few cabins and no roads except a few faint trails or wagon ~~tracks~~ tracks, great herds of cattle, horses, and buffalo; and people lived a simple life, their wants were few, and money was of but little use. Also there were no tramps ^{or} mendicants, all people were friendly and hospitable, never locked their doors ~~or~~ and to offer to pay for meals and lodging was regarded as an affront. "But," I ~~s~~ said, "Suppose you ran out of supplies, as you must have done at times, what did you do?" "Why," he replied, "we got into our wagon, with camping outfit, guns and dogs, and drove leisurely over the prairies to Jefferson, 140 miles from here, and got what we wanted. We did not have to hurry, we had all the time there was, and when we came to pretty places we camped out and hunted and fished, and we returned to our cabin when we got good and ready."

At other times we discussed church affairs, local, State, and national politics, or the Civil War, or history, or fashions. Always he was intelligent, shrewd, and kindly.

As for the school, the enrollment increased and evrything ran smoothly. Always I reviewed at night the lessons that would come up the following day and rarely had to consult the textbooks in school. From time to time I interrupted the routine to tell the pupils about some historical event or story that I was reading, or give them a lesson in simple geometry. Twice daily on opening the morning and afternoon sessions we sang hymns. Occasionally, when I saw signs of restlessness, I would call the pupils to attention, have them stand up, and we would go through simple calisthenic exercises. From time to time I would remind them of the great opportunity and privilege they ^{were} enjoying in being able

to go to school and to learn something that would be of great use to them all their lives, and I would urge them to try to make this term of school one that they would always remember with pleasure. *P* I knew as every country boy does that the real test of a teacher is in his knowledge of mathematics, by which they understand arithmetic, and the desire of every boy to trip or stump the teacher on some difficult problem. Among the pupils were two or three boys of my own age and before the second week was over they began to show signs of trying to catch me. The moment I perceived this I called a halt, gave them a little talk on the difference between arithmetic, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, and higher mathematics, with illustrations of what could be done with each of these branches of mathematics. Then I told them there were many things about arithmetic that were very simple but most people did not know, and I proposed to show them a few things and ask them to explain how I did it. I asked the oldest boy to call off nine figures at random. As he did so I wrote them on the blackboard. Underneath and beginning at the left I wrote another row of figures which added to the first would make 10's. This process I repeated with other pupils until I had an imposing array of items of nine figures each. Each pair of items, one set given by a pupil and the other written by me so as to add to tens, with an extra row of figures in the middle that I could remember, so that I knew the sum would be as many billion as there were pairs, followed by the extra row that I could remember. As I went along I simply had to note the number of pairs of figures and the extra row, and knew the sum instantly. As soon as I wrote the last figure on the blackboard I turned my back to it and faced the

school and announced that I would write the sum of the numbers that were on the blackboard on a piece of paper, (which I did); fold the paper and give it to one of the younger pupils to hold, while the three boys who had tried to catch me tripping, ^{whom} and I called ~~them~~ by name, and any others who cared to try, copied the ^ufigures and added them, each to write his answer on a piece of paper and sign his or her name and bring it to me as soon as the answer was found. Of course, they were staggered at the number of figures to be copied and added and ~~most~~ ^{all} of them made mistakes. They were an astonished, mystified, and very humble group when the answer I had written was read out and I explained how it was done and told them that there were many tricks with figures, especially in multiplication and division, that I would teach ~~teach~~ them before the school term ended. Never again was there any indication of a desire to question my complete mastery and profound knowledge of all subjects. From time to time I would give the older pupils an exercise in multiplying and dividing, using aliquot parts of 100 or 1,000, such as multiplying a long row of figures by $\sqrt{25}$ or 250, where one simply annexes cyphers and divides by four, and the like. After mystifying the pupils by performing the operation mentally I would explain it to them. In this way I acquired a reputation as a lightning calculator and mathematician which added greatly to my prestige in the little school and community.

My greatest difficulty was in getting the pupils to recite pieces on Friday afternoons, an exercise that was regarded as a regular and necessary part of the curriculum. After a few unsatisfactory attempts with shy and diffident pupils I

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gave them a little talk on the subject, said that I knew exactly how they felt, that I felt as badly frightened as they did when I had to speak a piece, that I did not believe it was right to ask ~~his~~ pupils to do anything ⁹ ~~he~~ would not do ~~himself~~^{my}, and that if they would all agree to learn and recite a piece the next Friday afternoon I would do the same. I asked if they did not think that was perfectly fair, and I saw by the look on their faces that they did. I said that I would take that as a promise but, of course, if I went to the trouble of learning a piece and recited it with that understanding it would not be fair for any one of them to fail to do the same. Then I explained to them the advantage of committing pieces to memory as memory training, the acquisition of new words and choice phrases and thoughts, and the selfpossession and confidence that comes from standing upon one's feet and repeating something in the presence of others that might be very helpful to them in future life when they wished to say something in public. The next Friday afternoon at the beginning of the exercise I announced that I had memorized a piece and after every pupil had spoken his piece I would speak mine but, of course, if any pupil failed then I could not be expected to recite because he had failed to keep his promise. Every pupil responded when called and after they had all ~~recited~~ spoken their pieces I recited "A Georgia Volunteer." Thereafter I had no further trouble and the parents of the pupils began to attend the Friday afternoon exercises to see the young teacher who had solved the problem of getting their children to speak a piece.

About a month before the school closed Mr. Richardson, the County Superintendent, stopped at the school for an hour ^{on} a tour of inspection. He came without previous notice and at first I was much abashed, but his kindly manner soon put me at ease. I showed him my records, had a class recite, put the whole school through a short calisthenic exercise, showed him some of the routine work, which included the use of several different textbooks in the same class, and had several of the pupils stand up while I told the Superintendent of the excellent progress they had made. I explained briefly to the pupils who Mr. Richardson was and how he visited all the schools in the county, and then I asked him to say a few words to the school, which he did, and I was greatly pleased at his statement that while the Reno school was one of the smaller ones of the county both the teacher and the pupils could well be proud of what they had accomplished.

In addition to my regular evening study of the lessons for the following day and systematic study of history, I began to compose short sketches. One of these I sent to the county paper and was overjoyed at seeing it in print the following week. Also I was pleased when a few weeks later the cashier in the bank called me by name and complimented me on the article.

A little incident that was indelibly recorded in my memory occurred near the close of the school. I had been rather shy and correspondingly dignified and uncomfortable in dealing with the older girls in the school. The oldest, Mary, one of a large family of poor white tenants, was about 16, short, plump, with a turn-up nose (*retroussé*), low forehead and freckled face, gentle brown eyes, and straw colored hair combed flat, and wearing a home-made gingham dress, coarse stockings and shoes--a

sturdy, plodding, gentle girl of the peasant type such as one sees more frequently in Europe than in America. Her youth, swelling ~~x~~ feminine curves, and gentle, docile disposition, made her attractive. One drowsy afternoon Mary was at the blackboard wrestling with a simple problem in arithmetic. I stood at her side trying to help her see the solution without actually telling it to her. At first I was so absorbed in this effort that I did not think of her or even see her as a young woman but only as an individual human intelligence struggling with a problem. Then a slight movement brought ~~her shoulders, hips,~~ our shoulders, hips, and hands into contact and instantly I was thrilled into a realization that I was standing side by side with a warm alluring creature and that on her face was a rosy flush and in her eyes a look of trust, friendship, and invitation. For a moment I was startled and confused, but my sense of responsibility and the knowledge that the slightest movement on my part would be noticed and commented upon by a roomfull of observant pupils and would have all sorts of embarrassing results, enabled me to tell Mary quietly that perhaps she had better work out the problem at her desk or try it again the following day. Her image tormented me that night and many nights thereafter. "No," I kept repeating to myself, "unless I am prepared to marry her I must not be too friendly with her and try to ignore her without hurting her feelings," and I held resolutely to this idea, because I knew that even if she were my choice I would not be free from parental obligations for another year or two and it might be several years before I could undertake to support a wife and family. She married ^{not long afterwards} ~~a few months later~~ and a few years later I learned that she was the mother of a growing family.

The last day of the school term arrived. The parents of nearly all the pupils came to witness the closing exercises. Mother's school had closed a week earlier so that she and father came over to see me close the school, and take me and my belongings home. As was customary on such occasions all the children had to speak pieces. Then I made a short closing address, saying what an interesting experience it had been for me, how much I appreciated the cooperation and friendship of both pupils and parents, how much I wished them health and success in the years to come, and expressed the hope that they as well as I would always look back to this term in the Reno school with pleasant recollections. After declaring the school closed I shook hands with all the pupils and their parents and drove away with father and mother, happy to think that the responsibility of school teaching was over and that it had been a success.

Ten years or more later father related how Asa Garner had asked him if I had ever taught at the Reno school. He said that he and two others were returning from a hunting trip in the Red River country in the early fall. A sudden norther had come up and they were stiff with cold. It was after dark when they approached an old schoolhouse on the prairie with a light shining through its windows and smoke coming from the chimney. They went in to get warm. Inside they found the local school board and a few neighbors sitting around the box stove and discussing the relative merits and demerits of several candidates for the school. It appeared that none of them were satisfactory and a decision was difficult. One of the men spoke up and said, "If we could only find a young man like that Lee Estabrook. He was the best teacher

we ever had. He was the best teacher I ever heard of. We'll never find another like him," to which all the others agreed. This tribute, coming so unexpectedly and by such an ~~intricate~~ indirect route and so long after the event, has been treasured in my memory ever since. Thinking of that experience and the recognition and opportunities that followed, has sometimes made me envy the opportunities that teachers have to inspire children and young people, to make lasting impressions for good upon their minds, to lay the foundation for lifelong friendships, to feel that they are contributing to the present and future welfare of a community, and that their good work may live after them. Also I feel that I ~~have~~ learned more than any of the pupils in that term of school because there is no better way to learn a subject than to try to teach it, if one tries to do it conscientiously as I did.

After the close of the school I returned to the farm and resumed the regular ~~routine~~ work of putting in, cultivating, and harvesting the crop, chopping and selling cord wood, and the daily routine of farm and household chores. I had a small bank account, a Sunday suit of clothes, a silver watch, and most precious of all some books. I resumed also my solitary life of work, study and reading, having no companions outside of the family and making no new acquaintances. After a few months my habitual feeling of aloofness and diffidence returned and I sometimes wondered how I had managed to get through the winter among strangers and as a teacher, and whether I would have the courage to attempt it again.

The Derwitt School.

7 In the late summer I had sold a load of wood in town and was buying some groceries to take ^{to} ~~back~~ with me. On the street I met

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young Mr. De Witt whom I had met at the summer normal the previous year and who was my nearest competitor in the examination ratings. He said the school in the neighborhood of his home had not yet engaged a teacher, that his father was chairman of the school board, and that if I would ^Pply for the position he was sure I could get it. He said the school enrollment was about 80, that the customary salary was \$50 per month, with "overs and unders" which would bring in \$5 to \$10 per month additional. A few days later, dressed in my best, I rode over to the De Witt settlement, some four miles east of Paris and about five miles from my home in a fairly direct line through the woods. I found Mr. De Witt, Sr., a middle-aged, slow moving man, with a heavy beard. He was predisposed in my favor by what his son had ~~said~~ reported and said that if the other two members of the board would agree I could have the contract. I called on the other two members who said that if it was allright with Mr. De Witt it was allright with them. In due course the contract was signed. I arranged also with Mr. De Witt to board me at \$10 per month for five ^udays each week. Before the school opened I purchased a small pony for \$35 so that I could ride home for the week ends. Also I told father and mother that as I would become 21 years old the following March I could not stay with them to make another crop. I gave as my reasons that at the low price of cotton and other farm products it was practicably impossible for a single man to go in debt for a farm of his own and pay for it unaided; that could be done only with the unpaid labor of wife and children; and that father's farm was too small to divide with me or to support two families. Therefore I proposed to go

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to town.

~~TOWN.~~ Both father and mother agreed that I was right, she with a show of pride at the thought that I could make my way, and father with a show of regret that we could not continue to work the farm together, although he admitted that the farm could not pay ^{the} wages of a hired hand to take my place, nor was it large enough to divide with me. Mother said, a little triumphantly, "Now you see, Otis, there is nothing to do but sell the farm and go to town," in which he acquiesced.

After the cotton picking season was over, about the last of October, the Sunday came when I again had to leave home and go among strangers. Again it was with much trepidation I rode through the woods and across the county road and a small stretch of open prairie to the house of Mr. De Witt. It was a one story frame house, painted white, with a number of rooms, a veranda on the side, and a detached kitchen in the rear. I reached the house just before sundown, tied the pony to the front fence, went to the side entrance and knocked at the door. There was a clamor of voices within. A small boy opened the door as if he were afraid a robber was about to enter, and I asked for Mr. De Witt. He came to the door, recognized me, and conducted me to a small, one room, pine structure which he called "the office" and said that would be my room. He also explained that the hired man would occupy it with me. He said I would be called when ^psupper was ready. I brought my bag of books and clothing into the room and then put the pony in the barn lot and saw that he was fed and watered. On returning to the room I saw that it had one door, one window, two cots, a small wash stand, two straight back chairs, a small box stove, a small kerosene lamp, and bare floor and walls. It was rather cheerless. Soon afterwards the little boy came out to tell me

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that supper was ready. ^P On entering the dining room I found it full of people and I was introduced to them but had difficulty in remembering their names. There was Mr. and Mrs. De Witt, a grown son who had been to the State Agricultural College, a married daughter, her husband and child, two other grown daughters, three girls and one boy between 8 and 16, that is, of school age, two or three smaller children, and the hired man. The oldest son, whom I knew, was away teaching in another part of the county. All sat about a long table and for me it was an awkward meal. Most of them talked as if I were not there so that I felt very much a stranger. ^P After the supper was over the father invited me into the front room or parlor. We were soon joined by five unmarried daughters, the youngest about twelve and the oldest about 24. After a short space of desultory conversation the father withdrew, leaving me to make the best of it with the young women. They were all exceedingly plain, and upon inquiry I learned that none of them had ever been away from home or was interested in anything outside of their immediate neighborhood. Also, because their father was well to do and had sons to help ^{him} ~~him~~, these girls had lived mainly in the house and were not particularly interested in crops, or books, or music, or town, or anything but their own home and neighbors, so conversation languished. They had a parlor organ, but none of them could or would play it. Nor did any of them apparently try to help me out in trying to be agreeable or make conversation easy. Finally, after a most unpleasant hour, the work turned. I rose and said curtly "I bid you all good night," and walked out, leaving them in silence. After that first evening I simply tried to be courteous

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and pleasant at meal time, but declined all invitations to visit with the young women, so that we were as much strangers at the end of five months as on that first evening.

When I returned to the "office" I found the lamp turned down low and the hired man asleep on one of the cots. I turned up the light, got out my books and read awhile, and then went to bed very much depressed by my reception at the house.

The next day I went to the schoolhouse immediately after breakfast. It was a large one room frame structure standing alone on the prairie a few hundred yards from the public road ^{on} the other side of which was a belt of timber. About 45 children and young people came to the school that first morning and I had a busy day enrolling their names, ascertaining what textbooks they had, and organizing classes. I found that some of the pupils were much more advanced than in my previous school. This meant that I had to study much harder evenings in order to be prepared to teach the lessons the following day with ^{out} reference to textbooks. About ten of the children did not know how to read or write. Three of the children were of German parentage and could scarcely speak English. As the weeks went by the school grew in numbers and I was kept exceedingly busy and at times felt the nervous strain of trying to keep my temper, keep the children and young people of different ages fully occupied and in good humor, and in trying to arouse a spirit of emulation in them. On the whole I got along fairly well, but I failed to establish the same close, sympathetic, friendly relations with the pupils and parents of this school that I had succeeded so well in establishing in my first school. I suspect the reason was partly the mental or social attitude

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of the community and the fact that, because of its mixed and miscellaneous character, the school was too large for one teacher.

My relations with the De Witt family with whom I boarded continued to be formal, which to me was most unsatisfactory. My compensation was that I was making about \$50 a month over and above my board and that about 90% of that went into the bank. Also I studied and read systematically history and English literature about three hours before going to bed. I saw but little of the hired man who occupied the room with me. He was out of the room in the morning before I got up and usually he went to bed and was asleep immediately after supper.

It was a great relief after school closed every Friday to ride through the woods and spend the week-end with my parents ~~and~~ amid familiar and congenial surroundings. These periodical visits home and my books were the only bright ^{spots} in an otherwise very depressing winter.

We move to Paris.

7 Early in the year (1890) father succeeded in trading his farm and equipment for a half interest in a grocery store in town. Father retained one of his horses and bought my horse, Duke, for which he agreed to pay me \$100. This debt was liquidated at the rate of \$10 per month for board after we moved to Paris. School ended in March, I was 21 years old and free at last to work for myself, and I had about \$300 of my teaching money in bank. In April father turned the farm over to a tenant and we moved to town, father to become a member of ^{the} a grocery firm of Johnson & Estabrook, the former partner remaining through the year as an assistant.

We lived in a small rented house in the northeast section of town, father, mother and I. Sister Nellie and her husband

lived in another part of town, he having obtained employment in a lumber yard. ^{The North Texas Business College.} A few days after we had moved in and were settled I called at the North Texas Business College to inquire about taking a business course. The faculty consisted of Prof. E.M. Chartier and his assistant, Prof. White. The "college" was on the second floor of a brick building over a general hardware store, had an office equipped with a roll top desk, some oak chairs, and a book case. The walls were hung with specimens of decorative pen and ink writing and drawings that were wonderful to behold. To me this office was an imposing and sumptuous affair. Back of it was a large hall with a row of windows on a side street, a blackboard on the opposite wall, and one corner partitioned off with lattice work and a counter and cashier's window for a "bank," and 20 or 30 small tables with splint bottomed chairs for the students. The "college" taught three business courses, one in general business, which included arithmetic, plain penmanship, single and double entry bookkeeping, commercial law, and commercial paper; one in fancy penmanship; and one in shorthand and typewriting. The price of each course was \$50 for six months. The "college" was a chartered institution and could legally grant diplomas for those who completed the courses satisfactorily. I very much wanted to take the course in shorthand and typewriting, but having read the account of the trials and tribulations of David Copperfield in trying to learn shorthand I did not think I could ever hope to succeed in learning such a complicated and mysterious art. I therefore entered for the business course and paid my fifty dollars in advance.

My accustomed habits of close application and concentrated study all day and until late at night enabled me to make rapid

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progress with the business course and I soon acquired skill in penmanship so that both "Professors" were encouragingly enthusiastic. In a week or two I had become acquainted with the routine and with most of the students. ^{P Shorthand.} I found that the shorthand and typewriting class consisted of three young women of about my own age, that they had been studying about four months, were nearly through the Ben Pitman shorthand textbook, could take dictation slowly, and could write fairly well on the typewriter. This opened my eyes. If girls could learn shorthand, so could I. Notwithstanding that mother had always insisted that girls were the equals if not the superiors of boys in all things I had the instinctive feeling that any ambitious boy could do anything that any girl or woman could do, except be a mother. I saw Prof. Charter about it and, of course, he encouraged me to take the course because it meant another \$50 for him and another term of six months in his school. I wrote out a check on the spot for the tuition and text books, and although he advised me to first complete the business course and follow with the shorthand course I insisted that I would take the two courses together, and I took my first shorthand lesson the ^{same} ~~one~~ afternoon. That night I sat up until I had read the textbook through. I saw that the fundamental principles of phonography are simple and easily understood and that to master shorthand was simply a matter of memorizing the principles and practicing them until the writing ~~of shorthand~~ becomes an automatic habit without the necessity of thinking. From the beginning I was fascinated with shorthand. The business course was so simple and elementary that it required very little effort on my part and I devoted about ten hours a day seven days a week to studying and practicing shorthand. The

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result was that I caught up and passed the girl class within a few weeks and completed both the business and the shorthand courses within three months instead of taking instruction for a year as prescribed in the tuition contract. *P* The professors were naturally greatly pleased at my phenomenal progress, due entirely to interest and hard work on my part, and they ran a piece in the local paper about it. Also they engaged me to remain as professor of shorthand and typewriting and assistant professor of accounting at an entrance salary of \$35 a month with promise of promotion to \$50 a month as soon as the enrollment of new students would justify the additional expense. I was elated not only at my unexpected success but because this would enable me to recover the \$100 I had invested in the two courses. I was also gratified at the title "professor" that was accorded to me and the fact that I was held up as a shining example to students and prospective students of what a farm boy could accomplish in a short time at the North Texas Business College.

7 *Professor of Shorthand and Typewriting*
I greatly enjoyed my teaching experience in the business collage. First, because I was constantly reviewing and perfecting myself in the subjects taught; and secondly, because the students, 40 to 100 in number, were mostly boys, young men, and even middle aged men, from the farms who had paid their hard earned money in the hope of bettering their prospects in life. *Thus* ~~who~~ were in deadly earnest, pathetically eager to learn and extremely grateful for any assistance. I recall one group that sat about one of the tables, a middle aged, guant father and his four sons, the oldest 24 and the youngest 14, who had paid \$250 cash for the business course and were working desperately to get their diplomas.

They were sunburned and hardened with toil, with but little previous schooling and unaccustomed to study, but they stuck to it manfully and with grim determination, and ultimately got their diplomas. I should like to know their subsequent history. Then there was a Jewish girl of fourteen, mature for her age and good looking, who argued pertinaciously with Prof. Chartier for a reduction in the tuition rate, or for a rebate if she finished the course ^ebefore the six months period, or for payment after she had finished the course and got her diploma, or at least that the payment might be made by instalments. She was chain lightning when it came to arithmetic and bookkeeping, seeming to know figures and their relationships by instinct. Like all country boys at that stage of development I was prejudiced against the Jews because of what I had been told and because I had had no personal acquaintanceship with them and knew them only by reputation. I was somewhat embarrassed because this young ~~Jewess~~ Jewish maiden seemed to take a special fancy to me and did not hesitate to show it. On one occasion she presented me with a piece of cheap brass jewelry, which I accepted only to avoid hurting her feelings.

I practiced shorthand constantly at night and in the shorthand class which I taught. I copied hundreds of pages from books and newspapers in shorthand. I soon acquired the habit of listening intently to conversations and mentally visualizing the corresponding shorthand characters. I began to attend church and prayer meetings regularly ^{and} ~~or~~ speech-making of any kind in order to practice writing. Also I kept up the daily practice on the typewriter. At the end of the year I could report slow speakers

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and had begun to acquire the ability to carry sentences and whole paragraphs in mind when speech became too rapid and I fell behind so that when there was a pause I could catch up. I subscribed to the Phonographic Magazine published in Cincinnati by Ben Pitman, brother of Isaac, the inventor of modern phonography, and Jerome B. Howard. They ran what they called the "Phonographic Institute" that issued teacher's certificates for those that passed a prescribed written examination in their system of shorthand. I applied for examination, passed it, and received a teacher's certificate of which I was justly proud. About this time I received a blank circular from a Mr. Rockwell in the U.S. Bureau of Education who was making a census of the shorthand schools and teachers throughout the United States, which I filled out and later had the satisfaction of seeing my name included in the printed volume that resulted. This meant, I supposed, that I was acquiring a national reputation because my name would become known to all the shorthand writers and teachers of the United States. Many years later I became well acquainted with Mr. Rockwell in the Department of Agriculture.

Making a Bookcase.

During this first year in the business college, in addition to my strenuous course of study and teaching I found time to read the current magazines, some history and literature. Also my collection of precious books was growing and I felt that I needed a bookcase in which to keep them. Dollars still looked very big to me and I could not bring myself to pay the prices asked for new furniture, so I determined to make my own furniture. I spent some time trying to visualize just what I wanted, in making drawings to scale, and in working out in imagination and on paper every detail of construction, the length, breadth, height, kind of

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wood, the dimensions of each separate piece, the number and size of nails and screws, the dimensions of the glass doors, the number and kind of locks, knobs, and hinges required, and the finish. I ordered and paid for the materials, bought the necessary tools, and proceeded to cut up, fit, and put together the pieces of lumber. I used the side porch as a workshop. I noted that the neighbors and passers-by regarded me with curiosity and father and mother with some misgivings, but wisely and generously they kept silent. I worked with feverish haste and found that it was much more of a job than I had expected. One of my troubles was that the lumber I used was not thoroughly seasoned and the pieces which I measured ~~xxx~~ and marked off so accurately and sawed and fitted so carefully would shrink and swell in a most mystifying and tantalizing manner because of the heavy dew at night and the heat of midday, so that I had great difficulty in making the parts fit as planned. However, in spite of exasperation and temporary discouragement, the job was finished at last and I greatly enjoyed applying coats of cherry stain, rubbing it down when dry, and polishing the surfaces until they shone like mahogany. I was proud of the result of all my planning and labor, for I had a stately looking piece of furniture consisting of a set of bookshelves with glass doors, a sliding writing desk covered with green baize, a flat drawer underneath the desk for stationery, and two deep drawers below for papers and other things, with several pigeon holes and cubby holes for odds and ends. My parents were good enough to express admiration for my handiwork. It was not bad, because when I came to leave Paris it sold for much more than the material cost me. In making this piece of furniture I had all the joy of planning and execution^{ing} and got good training in

drawing up plans and specifications, exact measurements, and above all exercise in patience, persistence, and selfcontrol when I felt like flying into a passion, swearing, or throwing the whole thing up because of the swelling or shrinking of the wood.

Vaccination.

7 During the summer months several cases of smallpox developed in the town and the city authorities ordered that every one should be vaccinated. Prof. Chartier arranged with a physician to vaccinate the faculty and students at reduced rates. We were all a little nervous about it, but I found the operation not so bad as I had expected, and my own took so that I went about with a swollen and sore arm for several days. A curious thing happened in the case of Prof. Chartier. He was in the prime of life and in good health and very athletic. He had been a lumberjack in Canada in his youth, was muscular and strong, and so lithe that he could stand in one ~~xpt xpt~~ spot, bend over backwards and pick up a handkerchief from the floor with his teeth. He had assured us that vaccination was simply a scratch and that even a child should not mind it. Nevertheless, when he bared his arm and the physician scraped the skin so that a tiny droplet of blood appeared the professor fainted.

Measles.

7 In the late summer I had the measles, although I had been exposed to it several times without catching it. This time it was difficult to trace the connection. The fever ran high and I suffered greatly, but most of all from intolerable thirst because the doctor said it was dangerous for any one with measles to drink water. For a time I was delirious, but all the time I was conscious I dreamed of water, only water, and nothing but water, and thought if I ever recovered I would do little else but drink. I could actually hear water falling and gurgling,

I could hear the clinking of ice in pitchers of water, and I saw visions of fountains and ^{pools} ~~lakes~~ overflowing with water, lakes, rivers, and oceans of water. How I wished I might drink it, bathe in it, and live in it. How I envied the fish and wondered if they ever had the measles. Whenever I think of measles I at once feel thirsty and drink liberally in remembrance of that thirsty time.

The North⁸⁹¹. Texas University

7 In the preceeding autumn or spring of 1891, the business college changed hands. Prof. Chartier had a full enrollment of at least a hundred students to whom he had sold scholarships at \$50 each, and having the money in hand he sold the college, good will, and charter, and the obligations of the scholarship contracts for a goodly sum to Prof. White, his former assistant, Prof. Coe, a scholarly looking young man from Chicago, and Dr. Colver, a former Presbyterian minister from New England. ^P This transaction was one of many that was characteristic of Prof. Chartier. He was, to say the least, not troubled with scruples, but always managed to keep within the law, although he found it convenient at times to change his field of operations without letting his former associates and clients know of his whereabouts. From Paris, Texas, he went to Valparaiso, Indiana, where he bought an interest in a business college. A month later I received a letter from him asking me to join him and take charge of the shorthand department. Some years later I heard that he had invented a new system of shorthand, which was simply a modification of the Pitman system. I heard of him again in New Orleans, and again in North Carolina, at long intervals. Years later he called upon me in Washington and looked more of a sharper than

when I first knew him. But he was an optimist, a promoter, a ready and plausible talker, and he had the gift of arousing enthusiasm on the part of pupils. He was an artist with pen and ink.

Of the new firm I already knew Prof. White. He was a young man of about 28, short, heavy set, square faced, rather homely, solid and sturdy physically and mentally. Prof. Coe was tall, broad of shoulder, but thin, with a white, studious, clerical face, black hair and eyes, of strong religious bent and rather sanctimonious expression. He also appeared to be about 28⁸ and was married to a demure little woman, pretty, refined, and modest as a quakeress. Dr. Colver, the president, was a middle aged, short, stubby man, with reddish complexion and freckles, blue eyes, and light hair becoming gray. Under authority of the State charter they renamed the school the North Texas University and Business College. Dr. Colver and Prof. Coe taught classes in the "university," and in addition to my duties as professor of shorthand, ~~and~~ typewriting, and bookkeeping, in the business college, I was designated professor of mathematics, rhetoric and history, which last three studies gave me a lot of extra night work for daily preparation. Shortly thereafter a lady teacher from St. Louis was taken on the staff.

A Lady.

7 Curiously enough I cannot remember ~~XXXXXXXX~~ the name of this lady, although I owe her a debt of gratitude because she was the first woman outside of my own family who seemed to take sufficient interest in me to make social intercourse easy and agreeable. ~~We~~ She was a widow and much older than I. We soon became quite friendly, and because of her manners and the fact that she was a fully developed woman and I still an awkward young man I

greatly admired her and had she been so minded I might have had a difficult time. At first we met only at recess or on entering or leaving the building. At her invitation I called upon her at her boarding house one Sunday afternoon, which was my first call on a lady. She lived in a private boarding house surrounded by a lawn and some oak trees. We sat on the grass under a tree and talked about books. At times I was overcome with confusion at the thought of being seen by the neighbors with a woman in full view on the lawn, but she would so ply me with questions that I would forget about my surroundings. At times I was confused at her persistence in making me talk about myself, when I would have preferred hearing her talk about her own interesting life in St. Louis. On the whole I did not enjoy these visits because I was still ill at ease and would have preferred to spend the time reading, but it was a month or two before I finally got up courage to invent plausible excuses. I recall that I gave her my first valentine, which was an ornate affair and cost fifty cents. It did not occur to me to send it by mail and thus avoid the embarrassment of giving it to her in person. In the summer she expressed a wish to see something of the surrounding country and I proposed a drive the following Sunday. She accepted. It did not occur to me to hire a driving horse and carriage from the livery stable, because father still had the team and the old buggy. Early Sunday afternoon I hitched Duke to the old buggy and called at the boarding house for her. I suspect she was disappointed at the appearance of the outfit. The horse had been doing heavy hauling all summer for hire and showed it and the buggy was old and dilapidated, and all my efforts to make both horse and buggy presentable were vain. She got in rather ginger-

ly and we drove soberly down the main street and out on the prairie south of town, over a dusty road bordered with grass and weeds that were dry and brown from the summer heat. This drive was anything but a pleasure or a success. The lady was not in a talkative mood and seemed to become cold and distant. When I realized that she was not enjoying the ride any more than I was I suggested that we return and she acquiesced with alacrity. On approaching town we had to cross the railroad on which a train was standing and the engine was making a good deal of noise. The horse became nervous and frightened and the lady showed a strong disposition to climb out and, overcoming my abject subservience to her as a woman, I spoke rather peremptorily to her. The remainder of the drive to her boarding house was in silence. I assisted her to alight at her front gate and expressed regret that the horse had shown signs of misbehaving, and politely bid her "Good evening." Thus ended our friendship, because I was disappointed at her behavior on that occasion and partly because of the many Sunday afternoons of embarrassment in her company when I might have been reading.

The only other woman that attracted my attention during this school teaching experience was the diminutive wife of a telegraph operator who took the course in shorthand. Daily I sat on one side of the little table that served as a desk and she on the other for the shorthand lesson. In the hot weather she wore a thin peekaboo shirtwaist which permitted me to see two beautiful well rounded white breasts as she leaned forward. It took all my will power to keep from looking at her when this happened. But I thought it a "sin" to look at her, and she was married, and so we never spoke or saw each other outside

the classroom.

Tariff Debate.

✓ Soon after the new management took over the school a Polytechnic Society was organized among the students and their friends of which I was made secretary. The society ~~had~~ organized periodical entertainments. One evening it was an old-fashioned spelling bee. Another time it was a pronouncing bee. A debate was held on the subject of a protective tariff. Of course, popular sentiment in Paris was against the tariff as a device of the Yankees to oppress the South. The faculty firm decided that Prof. White and I should be the principal speakers. Prof. White had first choice and, of course, he elected to sustain the negative. I had no choice but to advocate ~~extariff~~ the unpopular side. Up to that time I hardly knew what a tariff was. I first consulted the dictionary, then an encyclopedia, and read up on it. I saw a reference in a newspaper to a Tariff League and wrote to headquarters for information and later received a basketfull of leaflets and bulletins. I had never taken part in a debate, knew beforehand that my side could not win in opposition to universally hostile sentiment, and therefore I suffered from apprehension. However, I was called when I responded and reeled off a lot of alleged facts that I had learned from the propaganda and got through somehow. At any rate, I knew more about the tariff as a result of this debate than I might have learned otherwise in many years of casual reading.

Typewriting Contest.

7 Typewriters were just coming into use and were still a curiosity to most people, so we organized a typewriting contest. There were perhaps half a dozen typewriting machines in the town and all the operators of these machines were invited to participate. Prizes were to be awarded to those who wrote the highest average number of correctly spelled words making a sentence

in five consecutive minutes, each contestant being free to select his own words. I have forgotten the sentence I wrote, but it was composed of words of two and three letters each. I practiced this sentence for many hours at a time until I could write it at top speed with my eyes shut. The contest was held on a raised platform in full view of a packed house. We sat with our backs to the audience. There were about eight contestants. At a signal from the master of ceremonies all began to pound their machines for dear life. The unaccustomed din made me feel that I was being left hopelessly behind, the fear of making a poor showing, and the fact that my back was to the audience made me extremely nervous, so nervous that my vision became blurred and I was conscious only of a grim determination to keep pounding away and make as much noise as the others even though I could not see or know what I was writing. After what seemed an age came the signal to stop. Our papers were taken up and handed over to a jury to count the correctly spelled words of the contestants. I fully believed that most of the words I had written were misspelled because I was so badly "rattled." However, after the count the chairman announced that I was the winner with an average of 142 correctly spelled words per minute, and my nearest competitor had an average of only 125 words. So the prize was awarded to me, which was a cheap edition of Charles Dickens' works.

Soon after this contest I purchased a new Caligraph typewriter for which I paid \$100. I was a fairly good operator but wished to improve by practice evenings, not having any opportunity to use a machine during the day. My difficulty was transposition of letters, a fault of my fingers and not because I

could not spell correctly. In spite of the utmost care I had difficulty in writing a whole page without one or more typographical errors, and because the mistakes were so obvious and simple they caused me the greatest annoyance, exasperation and even rage. At first I consoled myself with the thought that it was due to lack of practice and that with more practice these errors would not happen, but it actually took many years to overcome it. In fact, I found it much more difficult to become a good operator of a typewriter and turn out page after page letter perfect than it was to become an expert shorthand writer.

7 During the summer months the ^{Revival.} churches of the city inaugurated a concerted revival drive for new members. Dr. Colver and Prof. Coe took an active part in this campaign, opened the morning and afternoon sessions of the school with prayer and the signing of hymns, and encouraged the students to attend the meetings, of which three were held daily, forenoon, afternoon, and evening. Many of the students were converted and joined the church. One of the new converts was filled with proselyting zeal and canvassed the entire school to see that all souls were accounted for. He asked me point blank to what church I belonged to, and when I replied "None" he immediately spread the horrifying news that Prof. Estabrook was an infidel. That afternoon I was invited to remain after school and face the proprietors, Messrs. Colver, Coe, and White, who questioned me. In answer to their questions I said frankly and earnestly that so far I had conscientiously tried so to live as to have nothing to regret, that I was not conscious of having wronged any person or committed any sin, that I had done nothing of which to repent, that I had

read the bible through and remembered most of it, that I regarded it as a mixture of legend, history, and poetry, some of it very beautiful and good literature and some of it utterly preposterous from any point of view; that I had attended several revival meetings, went to some church nearly every Sunday, but that I could not bring myself to believe that the descriptions given by preachers and church members of God, Jesus Christ, and other Biblical characters, or of heaven and hell, or the so called plan of salvation, could possibly be true. They were properly shocked. Dr. Colver asked very kindly if I had any objection to attending the revival meetings regularly--three times daily. I said that on the contrary I should like to attend them because I liked church music and enjoyed watching the expression on people's faces, provided it did not interfere with my daily work. I was assured that my classes would be taken care of. So it was that during the remaining week or ten days I attended the revival meetings regularly. Usually either Dr. Colver or Mr. Coe accompanied me and pronounced and instigated various and sundry prayers on my behalf. At first I took my notebook and pencil with me and reported the proceedings, including the ejaculations of the newly converted sinners. The third day I was asked to discontinue reporting the sermons on the ground that it showed a spirit of irreverence and distracted my attention from the meaning of ~~what~~ the preacher's message from God and closed my heart against the entrance of the Holy Spirit. I complied, but remained unaffected although I followed the sermons closely and critically. After a most powerful sermon I was called before the triumvirate and asked what I thought about it. I expressed the opinion that it was a fine sermon for the purpose for which it was designed, but

that it was clearly an appeal to the emotions but utterly incredible to reason. They seemed both astonished and shocked and their faces hardened with a look of disdain. Dr. Colver said, "Surely, Mr. Estabrook, you were not paying attention and did not follow the speaker in his argument." "On the contrary," I replied, "I can repeat his sermon almost verbatim, which is probably something that no one else who heard him can do." I asked them to listen while I recapitulated the essential points of the sermon, after which I asked them to point out any essential statement that I had omitted from the argument of the preacher. They admitted with much respect that my statement was complete and accurate. Then I asked them, as friends, to point out to me where in the Bible was any justification for the purely imaginary descriptions of heaven and hell to which we had listened that morning, and they had to acknowledge they could not and had to fall back on the theory that the preacher was inspired by the Holy Ghost. I then asked them if they did not think the preacher had given a wonderful and touching description of God's love and mercy and how like it was to the finite love of parents for their children, only ~~that~~ His was infinite. They looked at me eagerly and asked how it was possible for me to listen to such a description without at once throwing myself on God's mercy and coming into the fold of the saved. I said it was because I could not reconcile that conception with the equally vivid description the preacher gave of the horrors of hell and that same God of infinite love and mercy, the heavenly angels, the saints, and the saved, looking over the ramparts of heaven down into the pit of hell and seeing multitudes of near and dead^r souls suffering eternal torment and agony whose only sin was in not having

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heard of the diabolical plan of salvation formulated by man, or having heard of it failed or refused to subscribe to it. I for one considered it contrary to reason and wholly incredible and so long as I retained the faculty of reason would refuse to subscribe to any such horrible doctrine, which I really considered rather childish. As for the inspiration of the preacher from on high, I would challenge any one to prove that I was not equally inspired, or that my thoughts, actions, or life, so far as I had lived it would not compare favorably with that of any preacher or church member. I said that in conclusion I thought the whole scheme of salvation, as they called it, was unreasonable and incredible, and that I was not repentant because ~~X~~ my conscience was absolutely clear and I had nothing to repent of; that if I had my life to live over again I would live it exactly the same; that if it were not for the preposterous doctrines I was asked to accept as true I would be glad to join a church and enjoy the fellowship of good people and friends, but I believed I could have their respect and friendship without violating every conception I had formed of righteousness, the admonitions of the reasoning faculty God himself had endowed me with, and stultifying myself in what I would regard as a cowardly and unworthy concession to probable popularity and success in a community that had succumbed to a paroxysm of emotional exstacy. Furthermore, I realized and appreciated their personal interest in me and my salvation as a manifestation of friendship, and for that very reason I did not wish to embarrass them in the slightest degree, so that if they felt any embarrassment on my account I would regretfully tender my resignation right then and there

* or at any time they might indicate as most agreeable to them. All this I said earnestly and in the friendliest manner. Clearly they were perplexed. [#] After an embarrassing pause, ~~#~~ Prof. Coe invited me to spend the evening with himself and wife, evidently with the thought that his gentle little wife might through feminine influence succeed where men had failed. I spent the evening with them and enjoyed the visit because they were both well educated, refined and gentle. Naturally the conversation turned to religion, the Bible, and the revival meetings that were drawing to a close. I answered their questions freely and in the same spirit in which they were asked, but could not help pointing out some of the more glaring discrepancies in the Bible account, the glaring discrepancies between the professions of faith and the daily lives and reputations of some of the church members and new converts whom we knew, and asked some questions on my own account that ~~me~~ proved to be embarrassing. I stuck to my original position that I was not conscious of sin and therefore could not repent, that my soul was not lost and therefore could not be saved, that my aspirations for leading a pure and holy life were quite as high and as strong, as good and as holy, as those of any church member or preacher, that if God created all things he must have created me and all that pertained to me, and that ~~therefore~~ ^{therefore} ~~my~~ power of reasoning and my conscience were divine gifts, so that when they spoke it was the voice of God, and I proposed to listen to that voice rather than accept anything to the contrary from any other person or book. After that evening I was given up as hopeless and was not bothered further by well meaning friends ^{trying} to convert me to the stereotyped plan of salvation.

I continued to attend church services and prayer meetings

regularly in order to practice shorthand. One of the preachers, who was of the acrobatic, theatrical Sam Jones type, asked me to give him a transcript of his sermon the following Sunday. I wrote a verbatim report of the sermon, leaving out nothing, and gave it to him. He was obviously disappointed, because at that stage of my reporting career I labored under the delusion that a shorthand report should be an exact reproduction of the words actually spoken. I did not suspect that the reporter is expected to correct obvious misstatements, grammatical errors, and other mistakes, to omit words and sentences that do not make sense, and to complete broken sentences and fill in hyatuses that are common with many extemporaneous speakers when they get excited or confused. I made a verbatim report of this particular sermon, which turned out to be nearly half made up of ejaculations that looked ^{ridiculous} ~~funny~~ in type. I did about ten dollars worth of work in transcribing the sermon and charged the preacher one dollar for it, which was my first fee as a shorthand reporter. ^P About this time Court Reporting I had a call to report a damage suit against a railway company for running over a scrub cow that got on the track and was knocked off and killed by the locomotive. The animal was worth about \$20, but it was alleged that she was a pure bred animal and worth \$200. This was the first time I was ever in a court house and I did my work in fear and trembling, but managed to turn in a transcript of the trial that was acceptable and I was paid \$15 for it, which seemed like finding money to me. From that time on I was called in occasionally to report trials, and besides acquiring skill and confidence as a shorthand reporter and earning some extra money, I learned much about court procedure and the interest-

ing human dramas that are enacted daily in the courtrooms. As a part of my shorthand training I purchased various vocabularies published especially for reporters which set forth the technical terms employed in the various arts, sciences and literature, such as law, medicine, theology, painting, sculpture, manufactures, banking, botany, geology, archaeology, and the like. Intensive study of these vocabularies with the aid of a dictionary and an encyclopedia greatly extended my knowledge and vocabulary. I painstakingly wrote these vocabularies in shorthand and then tried to transcribe them on the typewriter. These studies greatly broadened my outlook and gave me an intelligent understanding of many things that otherwise would have been incomprehensible and meaningless to me.

Eunice.

7 This summer my sister had her first and only baby, which she named Eunice. Her husband was still working in the lumber yard and not behaving very well. Although he was a husky, athletic young man he had never formed the habit of steady work or of earning and saving money, and there was always something the matter with him that made it seem necessary for him to lay off and rest up, such as a scratch on his hand, a sore toe, a bad cold, or stomach ache from overeating.

The G. A. R. Convention.

7 During the summer months father and mother attended the annual meeting of the Grand Army of the Republic, of which father was a member and officer, that was held in Chicago or Milwaukee. This was a great event in their lives, paying their first visit to their home States since they came to Texas 14 years previously. They had suffered much from homesickness, separation from former friends and acquaintances and mode of life, and the past which they saw through the golden haze of their recollections of

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childhood, youth, and early married life in northern Illinois and Wisconsin. They were gone about a month.

While they were away I had my first disagreeable experience with a dentist. I was supplied with a set of teeth much too large for the size of my mouth and when a belated wisdom tooth forced its way through the gum there was no room for it. It was exceedingly painful and I went to a dentist for relief. He was not equipped with anesthetics, so he took it out by main strength and awkwardness, breaking the tooth in fragments and nearly breaking the jaw in the operation. Then he tried to dig the broken roots out with a kind of chisel but had to give up the attempt. I suffered greatly and was nearly prostrated with weakness after the operation.

Estabrook and Ewing.

From time to time I had calls to report railway damage suits because I was the only shorthand reporter in the town and the expense of my fees could be charged up against the soulless corporations. I liked the work and greatly desired to be a shorthand reporter. In the late summer an acquaintance, Hugh Ewing, a harum scarum young man somewhat older than I, and quite deaf, proposed that we form a partnership and open an office for general shorthand reporting and typewriting. He was a good typewriter operator and a nephew of Judge Hendry D^r Lightfoot, member of the firm of Lightfoot & Dennis, leading attorneys of the county. Judge Lightfoot was a son-in-law of Senator S. B. Maxey, who lived in the finest house in Paris. Hugh, in addition to being a good typewriter, was a notary public. He assured me that as partners we could get all the shorthand reporting work of his uncle's firm, that the Judge ^{Dennis} and Senator Maxey could throw lots of work our way, so that we would be kept busy. His proposal

was that as each of us had a typewriting machine, I should report speeches and court proceedings in shorthand and he would typewrite the transcript from my dictation; that we could rent one of the new Edison phonographs into which I could read my notes and from which he could transcribe on the typewriter. This appealed to me and I drew up a partnership contract which we both signed, agreeing to divide equally the proceeds of our joint efforts after expenses were paid. *P* For the first three months as a professor in the North Texas University my salary had been \$50 per month, and later it was raised to \$60 per month. My board at home cost me \$10 per month. Aside from the purchase of clothing and books my other expenses were negligible, so that I had saved up several hundred dollars. *P* I therefore resigned from the university and the new firm of Ewing & Estabrook rented a room on the second floor of a small brick building in the business section near the public square adjoining the offices of Lightfoot & Dennis. I arranged the firm name in this way as a matter of euphony and was much surprised when I was repeatedly asked why my name did not come first as the most important and active member of the firm. We had a sign painted and some letterheads and business cards printed. At first I was excessively proud of being in business for myself, but the financial results were disappointing, as was my partner. He spent most of his time wandering about from office to office and occasionally brought in some copy, which I ran off while he went out to hustle for more. When I had a ^{call} ~~call~~ for shorthand work I did the reporting and also the drudgery of typewriting the transcript, because I found that he was too deaf and slow to take dictation on the typewriter. *P* About the time I began to realize that I was doing all the work and he

7 *The Edison Phonograph.*

was getting half the proceeds and most of the credit, an agent for the Edison phonograph came in and from him we rented one of the machines on an annual lease contract. I tried to get it for a shorter period on trial, but the agent said this was contrary to his instructions; also that the machines were not for sale.

This machine proved unsatisfactory, as Hugh alleged that he could not hear the words as reproduced by the wax records, although he greatly enjoyed listening to some musical records. To ~~make~~ out

out slender income I bought some musical records and advertised that they could be heard for five cents a hearing. I think perhaps we took in enough from this source to about pay for the records.

The City Library.
Also In an adjoining room was a small collection of about 500 books known as the "City Library" that had been shifted about from place to place in charge of first one and then another young miss. Hugh learned that the last girl, tired of the empty honor of being City Librarian without compensation, and wished to be rid of the responsibility. He generously took it off her hands and transferred the books to our office. I so loved books that I did not object and religiously set to work to read them all.

As our office was centrally located people began to come to borrow books until the work of keeping track of them began to take considerable time. However, I enjoyed this part of the work very much. After I had skimmed through this collection I called Hugh's attention to the fact that the books were all old and badly worn and what the library needed was some new books. He readily agreed and with public spirited zeal we started out to get contributions for the "City Library." I wrote a short piece for the local paper about the condition of the library, the extent to which it

was used, the advantages of a library to the community, the need for new books that would be available to all, and appealed to the public as a matter of civic pride and self interest to come across with donations. This appeal resulted in the donation of some wornout and cast off books. One morning I said to Hugh that if we could afford to give our time to running the City Library surely the business men of the city could afford to give us some money with which to buy some new books, and I suggested that we canvas the business men and personally see and hear what they had to say about it. With his usual impulsive enthusiasm he took up the idea instantly and on the spur of the moment we started out. He took one side of the public square and I the other and we personally interviewed the proprietors of each business establishment, and then down the side streets. By noon we had collected about \$150. Again I prepared a brief statement for the local paper, giving the names of the subscribers without mentioning the amount of individual donations. This brought us some additional voluntary subscriptions. Then I had the joy of selecting the new books and placing the order. I was generous and ^{firm} ~~far~~ enough ^{to resist the temptation} ~~not~~ to order only the books in which I was personally interested. In due time I had the joy of unpacking the books and being the first to examine them and arrange them on the shelves. Then I prepared another notice for the local papers about the arrival of the books and gave a list of the titles. The library business grew and all the new books were distributed within a day or two, except the particular ones I had laid aside for my own reading. ¶ This library business and my shorthand work about the courthouse brought me in contact with most of the professional and many of the business men of Paris. I was generally known

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7 as Prof. Estabrook, from my school connection. ~~The~~ The firm of Ewing & Estabrook, although it had plenty of good will, barely earned enough to pay expenses. About the time I was pondering how I might withdraw from the partnership I met Judge Scott, of Scott & Baldwin, attorneys and real estate loan agents, who said they were thinking of employing a stenographer^e and typewriter in their office and asked me whom I could recommend. I thought this over and wrote a letter to the judge, applying for the ^oposition, stating my qualifications, and suggesting a salary of \$60 ^eper month with promotion to \$75 per month as soon as I had learned the routine and my services proved satisfactory. Also I stipulated that I be permitted to do such court reporting as might come my way, the time lost to be deducted from my office salary. After a day or two I received a favorable reply. I broke the news to Hugh, who took it rather hard. Our partnership was formally dissolved, and I turned over to him the office, the library, and everything except my typewriter and personal belongings. This was about the end of the year. Out of it all I had gotten some valuable experience.

